

Heaven have mercy on the Armada, for Howard'll have none."

Mistress Mary stood with her hand shading her eyes, that she might see better through the dusk. I mind well the bewilderment on her bonny face, and the lace falling back from her smooth arm as she looked at the ship which, all unknown, was bringing much brief joy and sorrow to her.

"But there will be something wrong!" she cried. "They would not come like this."

"Are ye feared, woman?" cried the laird. "Hech, sirs, they are not here to fight. They will have had their bellyful of fight, I'm thinking, and that's what brings them here. But where is the rest of the heathen breed? Ha? And what will be wrong with yon boat? I tell ye, they are drunk as pipers. Ha? Ye hear that?"—as a roar of laughter traveled from the sea. "What was I telling ye?"

We could now distinguish the creaking of the vessel's gear and the dunting of the oars, one against the other, she was so close to land. Above every other sound arose laughter and singing—not like our Scottish singing, but livelier, trickier, and full of a gay wickedness of tune. The singing suddenly ceased, and a long womanish scream skirled through the still dusk.

"God forgive us!" growled the laird, his eyes peering fiercely from under shaggy brows and his underlip protruding dourly. "Hear yon heathen,